

## MR. CROKER RETURNS.

Arrives on the White Star  
Liner Majestic This  
Morning.

## GREETED AT TAMMANY HALL.

The Loyal Braves Wildly Cheer  
Their Former Chieflain  
to the Echo.

MORE SPHINX-LIKE THAN EVER.

The Ex-Boss Looks in Perfect Health  
and Won't Tell Why He Went  
and Came So Suddenly.

The first man to walk down the gang-  
plank of the White Star steamship  
Majestic when she landed at her dock  
at ten minutes to eleven this morning  
was John A. Croker, the ex-Boss of Tam-  
many Hall.

He was not taken off at Quarantine, as  
had been planned by Brother-in-Law  
Jenkins, the Health Officer of the Port,  
as the laws of the United States could not  
be evaded, the Passenger act of 1882  
providing that no person shall leave a  
vessel from a foreign port until it has  
been taken in charge by an officer of  
the customs service.

The former chief of Tammany Hall  
landed just in time to attend the Fourth  
of July celebration of the Tammany So-  
ciety, and he went directly to Tammany  
Hall from the steamer's wharf to take  
part in the proceedings like a dutiful  
brave.

He refused to talk politics or answer  
any questions as to the reasons for his  
unexpected return. He declined to say  
whether his action had any political sig-  
nificance or not.

He is keeping the politicians on the  
inside guessing, and some of them are  
uncomfortable and fearful lest they be  
adjudged guilty of treason and lose their  
places. Some of them have been hob-  
nobbing closely with the new power, be-  
lieving that the old king was dead, and  
shouting "Long live the new King."

Croker may show them that he has not  
lost his old-time power and influence.  
That is why they are uneasy.

Accompanying Mr. Croker from Quar-  
antine were his faithful followers, Public  
Works Commissioner Daly, Lawrence  
Demour, his real estate partner, Peter  
F. Meyer, and Dr. Jenkins.

Mr. Croker stood at the guard rail  
nearest the space for the gangplank,  
with his two sons, who accompanied him  
to Europe, and his friends.

Mr. Croker was the picture of health.  
His appearance did not suggest that he  
was on a trip for his health during his  
lifetime.

To all questions put to him Mr. Cro-  
ker had but one answer:  
"I have nothing to say."

He reiterated what he said before  
leaving the city, that he was not a politi-  
cian for good. He declared positively  
that he did not come back to resume  
the leadership of Tammany Hall.

No amount of questioning could in-  
duce him to tell why he left so hurriedly  
for Europe and why he resolved to come  
back so suddenly.

On going to Tammany Hall, he  
said before entering his carriage.  
"Afterwards I may go to my home, 6  
East Seventy-fourth street, and in the  
afternoon, I may go to the races. This  
I believe so."

## A COMMONPLACE MAN.

And How He Wooded and Tried to Win a  
Woman's Love.

The bright young sunshine filled one of  
the broad corridors of Lanchester Girls'  
Grammar School with a flood of glori-  
ous light, and through the open win-  
dows a faint sweet wind came, whisp-  
ering and sighing, languid with the  
warmth of a Summer afternoon. The  
school was a distant music-room,  
drum, of scales in a distant music-room,  
and an occasional rattle from behind  
the closed doors of the class-rooms,  
where preparation was going on  
drowsily.

A firm, even step rang on the polished  
floor, and Miss Lisle, sixth-form mis-  
tress, passed through the sunlit cor-  
ridor, her head, dark face as brightly  
as a comet, as she came. She knocked  
at the door of the head mistress's office  
and obeyed the answering: "Come in."  
An unusual sight presented itself. A  
live man was lounging at his ease in  
the broad window-seat of the music  
sanatorium, his hands in his pockets,  
his feet on a cushion, his face as bright  
as a sun.

"My brother, Miss Lisle," and the in-  
truder rose to his feet and returned  
Miss Lisle's frigid bow. He felt that  
the school, dark eyes had weighed him  
and disposed of him in one swift  
glance.

Miss Lisle turned to the head mistress  
and stated her errand in terms which  
were a marvel of comprehensive con-  
ciseness.

"Some one as a deputation from the  
staff, suggesting some slight change in  
the routine of the school," she said,  
"the mistress well knew, sure to obtain  
consideration."

A few references to the time-table, a  
short discussion of details, and Miss  
Lisle withdrew.

A congregation of four awaited her  
in the music-room.

"Well? Can it be done?"  
"Yes, it is settled as you wish."

"Did Miss Grey mind? Was she  
pleased?"

"There was no difficulty about it. A  
deed of rigorous punishment, the

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Dr. Jenkins, the Health Officer, and  
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